The Lost Time Traveller

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The Lost Time Traveller

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Summary

Hannibal managed to solve the formulas in his notebook and travel through time, but not quite like he would have liked to.

The formulas on his notebook had finally worked. Hannibal had never really plan on it to work, it was more a pastime, than a real interest of him, also it would have helped him to look better in Will eyes if the man had read and understood the notes. But as little time he had spent on it actually trying to find an answer he had managed one. He wasn't sure of what to do with it, time travel was something very conceptual and probably dangerous.

But as they said curiosity kill the cat and satisfaction bough it back, so he did not restrain his curiosity and tried to apply the formula on his life, if he could go just a few months back, just enough to repair the tea cup and to please Will… And he did apply the formula to his own self, passing out when the universe around him started to spin hard.

Something must have been wrong, he through. Something was really wrong in fact. The world around him was nothing like he knew. He had applied the formula while in his kitchen and had hope to go back to it just some time before. But no, he was in the middle of a forest, a sick forest, with brown leaf on the floor and no sound. Hannibal get his phone out of his pocket to check but no signal here. He took on direction and started to walk, he didn't choose this direction out of nowhere, but they were a sent on this path that attracted him.

He ended up on the verge of a forest clearing, a silhouette was in the middle of it, leaning over a camp fire, a dog sleeping near to him. Hannibal stopped in his tracks, still under that crawling impression that something was wrong. The dog was the first one to react, getting up and pointing his ears in Hannibal's direction. It was more curiosity than nervousness, and the dog did not seem ready to attack. Forgetting his wood cover Hannibal took a step forward and soon raided his hands in a non-threatening position seeing the man raising a riffle.

They both advanced in each other direction before the silhouette talked: "Hannibal", his voice was shocked, as he had seen a ghost. "Will" he responded with his habitual composure, "What are you doing here?". The look will give him was full of incomprehension and incredulity: "You are asking me? You? Hannibal, you disappear five years ago!"

Hannibal took a moment to analyse the statement, yes Will was looking somewhat older by few years than the last time he had seen him. "I did not plan that." quite an understatement, he had plan exactly the other way around. "Where were you?" Will asked accusatory. "You would not believe it" he answered. Will shrug "They is so much I did not believe before, I'm sure I've seen bigger shit than you know. Well nice to have you back, I pretty sure your particular set of skills will be helpful in this damn hellhole." Hannibal followed Will and sat near the fire before bringing himself to ask "What append to you then?"

"The apocalypse, scientists fucked up, so welcome to the wasteland!"

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